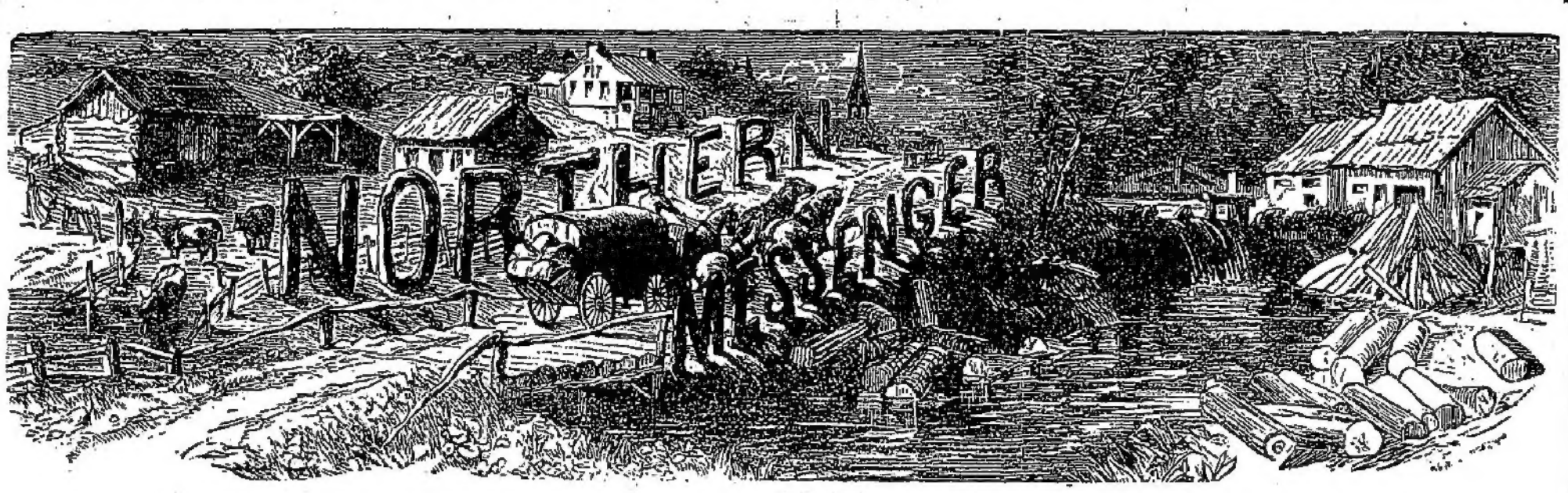


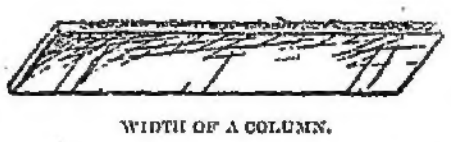
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVI. No. 13. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1891. 30 Cts. per An, Post-Paid.

THE LINOTYPE.

This real marvel is a machine about six feet square, and comprises type boxes, setters, and distributers, plus a type foundry. The operator sits before the machine and spells out his copy by pressing keys (A) arranged like those of a type-writer. A set of flat vertical brass tubes (B), arranged like the pipes of an organ, hold the little brass moulds or matrices for the different letters. Each lettered key when struck opens a door at the bottom of the corresponding tube, and lets one—but only one—matrix fall into an inclined pipe (C) which runs under all the tubes. A puff of compressed air admitted into the higher end of the tube blows the matrix down into a frame, where it is forced up alongside its predecessor by an automatic finger (D).

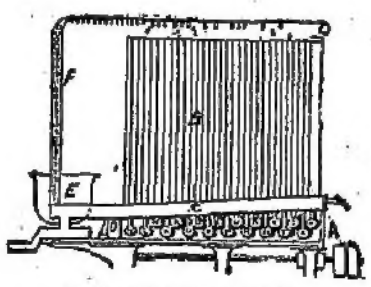
When enough matrices have been packed to make a line of type (hence "linotype"), a bell rings, and the little frame, about three inches long, an inch deep, and an eighth of an inch wide, slides along the machine until it arrives opposite the mouth of a large pot (E) of molten type metal, which is kept at a proper temperature by a gas jet. The valve closing the mouth is automatically opened, and a ram descending into the metal forces enough through



WIDTH OF A COLUMN.

to fill the little mould. The mould then separates and drops the casting into a planer, where the "runners" which have admitted the metal are planed off and the "line of type" trued up accurately, ready for setting up and stereotyping. All this is sufficiently clever, but the distribution of the matrices into their respective boxes is the crowning feat.

"When the casting has been made and dropped, the little brass moulds are sepa-



SECTION OF MACHINE.

rated and picked up by a endless band (F), which runs up from the foundry and along the top of the machine. The matrices are formed with wards like those of a key, and as they travel over the top of the machine they pass over all the tubes until they come to their own particular one, into which they drop. The tube wards allow each matrix to pass except the one belonging to it, and that one is intercepted.

The lifelike way in which the matrices march along over the top of the machine and drop methodically into their own domicile is so amusing that in laughing at it one almost forgets to admire the ingenuity of the inventor.

MATRIX.

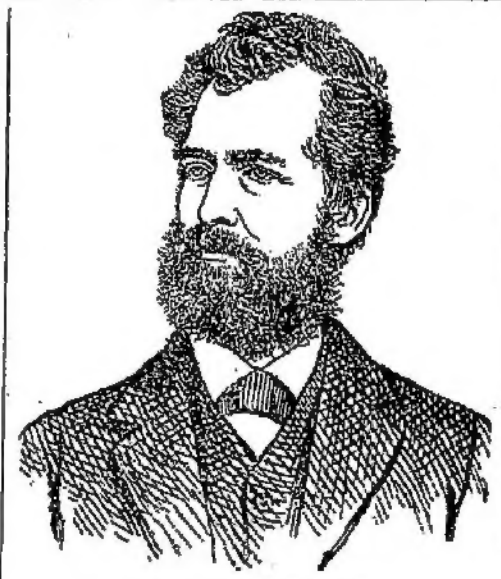
Should an insubordinate matrix attempt to drop off where it should not, it instantly finds itself literally in the "wrong box," for an electric circuit is completed, an alarm bell rings, and the machine stops until the man looks along the line and finds that some wretched E has been trying to get into the F's box.

The matrices lasts for years in spite of their many journeyings and heatings, and the machines appear to give but little trouble. A dozen or more are at work in the office of one of the large New York dailies, which is entirely printed by the linotype process, and is one of the best printed papers there. The linotype is certainly one of the most striking examples of time and labor saving machinery in the world.

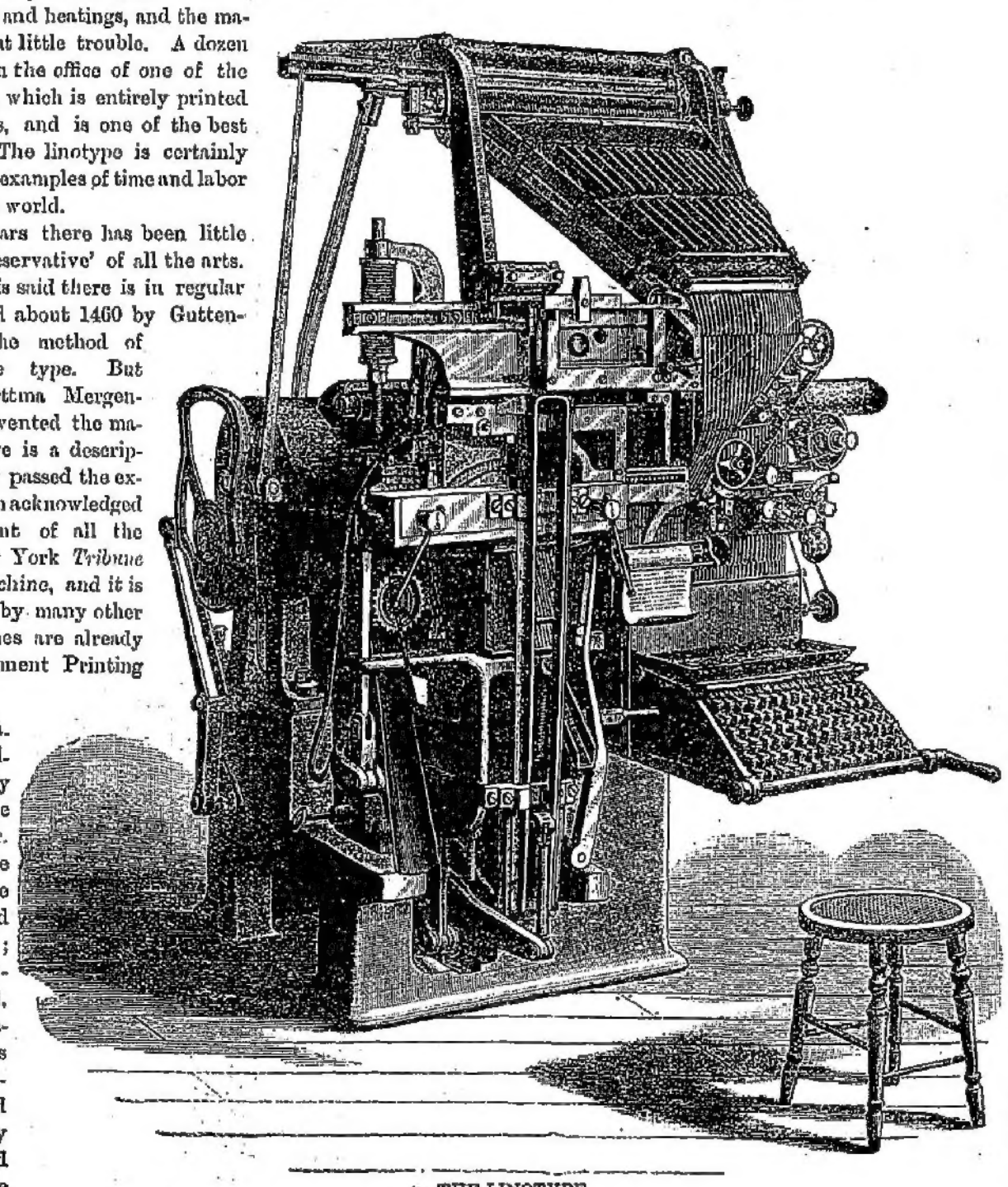
For four hundred years there has been little advance in 'the art preservative' of all the arts. In Germany, to-day, it is said there is in regular use type which was used about 1460 by Guttenberg, who invented the method of printing by movable type. But eighteen years ago Ottma Mergenthaler, of Baltimore, invented the machine of which the above is a description, so that it has now passed the experimental stage and is an acknowledged success. Ninety percent of all the matter used in the New York *Tribune* is produced by this machine, and it is used with equal success by many other journals. Four machines are already set up in the Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa.

"The use of this machine," says one of its advocates, "very greatly reduces the cost of the work on a newspaper. The hours of labor to the workmen on the machine were also reduced and their wages increased; the health of the workmen was improved, and, in a word, the introduction of this machine has so far resulted in a benefit to all those connected with it, except probably to the inventors and manufacturers, who have spent nearly two million dollars in bringing it to perfection."

"While many skilled mechanics and others have," says the same authority, "for years devoted time and money without stint to the invention of machinery for setting type, Mr. Mergenthaler, of Baltimore, was the first to hit on the idea of casting a perfectly "justified" type line, which is the central principle of his invention. This he has worked out until the machine is perfectly automatic, and seems possessed with intelligence almost human. He is permanently engaged by the company which bears his name, but declares that the new linotype is complete and answers every requirement." What is wanted next is a proof-reading machine, and then one to read the papers for us, and pack the information into our brains.



OTTMA MERGENTHALER,
Inventor of the Linotype.



THE LINOTYPE.

THE HOUSE ON SEVENTH STREET.

BY HATTIE LUMIS.

At first thought it was not very unlike the houses in which the majority of young people, with moderate means, set up housekeeping. It was a two-story cottage, tasteful and modern without, and with an interior even more attractive, embodying, as it did, Mrs. Wilford's exquisite taste. Not that the furnishings were particularly luxurious, but the most artistic eye could find no false effects nor unfortunate combinations in all its dainty completeness. In short, it was one of those homes which seems to impart to every creature, blessed enough to come within their charmed atmosphere, something of their own serene harmony.

But if the house on Seventh street was in no wise remarkable in the city Weston, the same could not be said of its mistress, Louise Wilford. She was a delicate, sweet-faced woman, whose clear, gray eyes had the faculty of spying out a hidden sorrow, and offering their unobtrusive sympathy in one comprehensive glance. Her mother said of her, "Louise always had the most extravagant notions about the duty of everybody to everybody else. If marriage don't cure her, nothing will." And Mrs. Wilford soon made it evident that marriage had not altered a peculiarity which was, indeed, a fundamental characteristic of her nature.

Her honeymoon was hardly over when what her friends called "Louise's oddity" began to assert itself. "Fred," she remarked placidly, one evening, as she and her husband sat together in their cosy parlor, a suggestive picture of domestic comfort, "Fred, do you know I want to take a boarder?"

Mr. Wilford dropped his book, and looked at his wife with an expression of the utmost consternation. Louise! What do you mean? Are you getting tired of my company?" Then, more tenderly, "Don't I give you pin-money enough, dearest? What is up, anyway?"

"What a goose you are, Fred," said Mrs. Frederick, dimpling amiably. "To think that I could ever get tired of you!" She slipped out of her chair and knelt by her husband's side, lifting her eloquent eyes to his face. "You know, dear, they say Mr. Maxwell is trying to leave off drinking."

Mr. Wilford nodded. He with all other good citizens of Weston, was interested in the attempted reformation of this brilliant young lawyer, who had come so near total shipwreck. But with the obtuseness common to mortals, Fred failed to see how this fact was related to his own personal comfort.

"And I've been thinking," Louise went on earnestly, "that he must meet a great deal of temptation boarding at the hotels. And his wife can't come till September, Fred, he told me so himself. And I'd like to have him here with us that little while."

Mr. Wilford made a wry face. "Of course, I admire your feeling, my dear girl, but don't you think it is a little fanatical, and—morbid, to sacrifice your home comforts for other people in that way?"

Louise's arm went round his neck, pleadingly, "O, Fred! It's because my home is dear to me that I want to use it partly for others. We're not, you know, to sacrifice that which costs us nothing, and I want to offer him the best I have."

Mr. Wilford gently kissed his wife's cheek. "You're right, Louise. I think you're always right. But I don't see," he added with a smile, "just how you're going to work your scheme on Maxwell. You can't say you want to reform him."

"O, I'll manage that," answered Louise, confidently. And she did manage it with a diplomacy strictly feminine. Mr. Maxwell was invited to tea one evening, and, under the enchantment of the social atmosphere, he himself hesitatingly made the proposition his hostess was so anxious to have him make. And if Louise ever thought regretfully of the pleasant evenings she and Fred had passed alone together, she felt more than paid for her sacrifices when, three months after, the lawyer's wife had looked into her face and said, "Mrs. Wilford, I owe you all one woman can owe another. I believe that my husband's safety is due to you." And then the two women, strangers before, had kissed each other and had clung to each other as sisters might have done.

The next guest at the house on Seventh street was little Mary McIntyre, whom Louise found in the third story of a crowded tenement house, struggling, with a persistence pitiful to see, to finish some heavy sewing. The girl was recovering from a fever, and the lassitude of sickness was still upon her. She made a pathetic picture, with her pale face and languid eyes, bending over the work her strengthless hands could hardly hold.

Mrs. Wilford looked at her gravely. "My child, you are not well enough to be at work," she said, laying her gloved hand upon the trembling fingers.

Mary answered this remonstrance with a wan smile.

"But you see, I must live, ma'am," she said simply.

"Certainly! And that is why you musn't work at present," answered Mrs. Wilford. She took the girl's unresisting hand in her own. "I want you to come home with me," she said, and make me a visit till you are better.

Just what that visit meant in Mary McIntyre's life even Mrs. Wilford never knew. The girl's starved nature drank in the beauty around her as a flower drinks in the dew and sunshine. Her soul and body alike gathered strength in this new atmosphere of kindness and tranquility. For months it had seemed to the child that she was too busy, or else too tired, to pray. But now on her knees she begged God to give her an opportunity of doing something for this new friend. Modern cynicism to the contrary, gratitude is a flower that takes root as strongly as ever in the human heart, and blossoms as beautifully, if only the right seed be sown.

The full history of the house on Seventh street has never been written. No record has been kept of the tempted boys who have found at Mrs. Wilford's an attraction that was a safeguard to their unwary feet, of the homesick girls who have there forgotten their loneliness, of the heavy hearts its beauty has cheered, of the lives its influence has made better. But the house on Seventh street, like a city of old, is walled about by the prayers that rise for it, daily, from many grateful hearts.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

LESSON HELPS.

REV. PETER COCKLIN.

Before resorting to human helps, we have a work to do, if we desire to be safe, practical expositors of the Word of God, viz., secure the aid of the Holy Spirit. The finest graduate from the best college is not ready or prepared to study the Bible until he has received the Holy Ghost.

The Bible is a spiritual Book, and only those who have spiritual sympathy or affinity can understand its inner meaning. The apostle says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. 2:14.

Having then asked and received the Holy Spirit, we are ready to begin the study of the Word. But now the important question is, How study the Word of God? Resort at once to some good lesson help or commentary? Yes, that is the very best thing to do, provided we desire to become a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." One of the greatest hinderances to the success of the Sabbath-school and the ministry is that so many teachers and preachers resort to lesson helps and commentaries in cold blood. We must first study, think, search and investigate for ourselves in order to become useful, positive, practical teachers of the Word.

Every student of the Scriptures needs, to begin with, a good reference Bible. He should then endeavor to arrive at a correct reading of the passage under consideration—master the grammar of it—look up its historical relations—and no interpretation should be given to any passage inconsistent with its connection. The true parallel passages and the intention of the author often throw great light upon the text. "God best understands His own Word," as a certain one says, "and we should look to Him, principally, for an explanation." He who will do all this will have a better understanding of the Scriptures than he would have were he at once to flee to the most noted exegete that ever lived.

"Yet, frequently, after we have done all that we can, we are still in the dark as to the true meaning; or we may have imbibed erroneous views; or our ideas may be few and meagre; for there "are some things hard to be understood." Hence, I repeat, we need the help of those who are wiser than we, in order to correct our theology or enrich and increase our store of ideas.

The question, then, is, How use lesson helps? First, we should be fully aware upon what points we need information; and then take plenty of time to think of the comment. Do not swallow it wholesale, like the whale did Jonah, but weigh it; examine it, dissect it, turn the searching light of the Word of God upon it. And thereby we will be able to reject the refuse and retain the gold; and the "helps" will be helps unto us and not sources or crutches.

Lastly, Where use them? In the study only. We read that in the days of the Kings the Word of God was lost, and Hilkiah, the high priest, found it. So, in our Sabbath-schools, the Bible is lost under a pile of *Lesson Leaves, Quarterlies* and *Sunday-school Teachers.* The Bible is practically crowded out of our Sunday-schools. Very seldom do we see a scholar going to Sabbath-school with a Bible in his hand; and this is true of many teachers. I have seen teachers stand before their classes with *Sunday-school Times*, or *Peloubet's Lesson Notes*, reading these comments to their classes. Such lazy, indolent, ignorant teachers should be compelled to step down and out of the responsible position they hold.

The Sabbath-school is no place to study the lesson. Here we come to teach or recite. And how can we teach or recite that which we have not previously studied?

Show me a model Sunday-school, and I'll show you one where every teacher and scholar has a Bible instead of a lesson help. Oh that some pious Hilkiah would resurrect the Bible in our Sabbath-schools, and then, with competent Shaphans to read and expound the same, our schools would bloom and blossom as the rose.—*Living Epistle.*

'Tis not one day nor a noble deed
That makes a life that is noble and grand,
But the little things that it patience takes
To do, and to be, and to understand.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—JULY 5, 1891.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.—John 1:1-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."—John 1:14.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 1:1-18.—The Word Made Flesh.
T. Luke 2:1-21.—The Birth of Jesus.
W. Luke 2:22-38.—The Presentation in the Temple.
Th. Matt. 2:1-12.—The Visit of the Wise Men.
F. Matt. 2:13-23.—The Sojourn in Egypt.
S. Luke 2:40-52.—At the Passover.
S. Phil. 2:1-16.—Made in the Likeness of Men.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Word With God. vs. 1-5.
II. The Word Made Flesh. vs. 6-14.
III. The Word Revealing God. vs. 15-18.

TIME of John's testimony, A.D. 27. Note—Christ was born B.C. 4, or four years before the date from which we number our years A.D. (Anno Domini, the year of our Lord.)

PLACE.—Bethabara, or Bethany, beyond Jordan.

OPENING WORDS.

The apostle John, the author of this Gospel, was the son of Zebedee and Salome, and the brother of the apostle James. His Gospel was written about A.D. 90, at Ephesus, where he died at the age of one hundred years, about A.D. 100.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *In the beginning*—before anything was created. Gen. 1:1. *The Word*—the Lord Jesus Christ. *Was God*—in nature, being and substance, very God. John 20:28. V. 4. *In him was life*—the source of all life, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, eternal. 1 John 1:1. *The light of men*—the Author, the Source, the Dispenser of all true light. John 8:12; 12:35, 45, 46. V. 5. *Darkness*—the ignorance, sin, misery of the world. Prov. 4:19. V. 6. *Sent*—Mal. 3:1; Matt. 3:1. V. 11. *His own*—his chosen people, the Jews. V. 12. *Power*—Revised Version, "right." *Sons of God*—see Gal. 3:26; 1 John 5:1. V. 13. *Not of blood*—not by human descent or human adoption. *But of God*—1 John VI. V. 14. *Was made flesh*—became man. *We beheld his glory*—Matt. 17:1-9; 1 John 1:1; 2 Pet. 1:16-18.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this Gospel? What do you know about him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE WORD WITH GOD. vs. 1-5.—Who is meant by *the Word*? Why is he so called? What is first said of him? What was made by him? What is next said of him? Where does the light shine? What is said of the *darkness*?

II. THE WORD MADE FLESH. vs. 6-14.—Who was sent from God? For what purpose? Who was this Light? What is said of him? What was the Word? Why did *the world not know* him? To whom did he come? How did they treat him? What does he do for them that receive him? What is said of the children of God? What is adoption? What did the Word become? What did the disciples behold?

III. THE WORD REVEALING GOD. vs. 15-18.—What testimony did John give? What is next said of Christ? What is meant by *his fulness*? By whom was the law given? What did Christ bring? Who has seen God? How has the Word *declared him*?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ is God equal with the Father.
2. That he is man as well as God.
3. That he is the Source of Spiritual life and light.
4. That we must believe in Christ if we would become the sons of God.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. *Who is meant by the Word?* Ans. The Lord Jesus Christ.
2. What is first said of the Word? Ans. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
3. What did the Word become? Ans. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
4. What does he give to those who believe on his name? Ans. Power to become the sons of God.
5. What have we received from him? Ans. "Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

LESSON II.—JULY 12, 1891.

CHRIST'S FIRST DISCIPLES.—John 1:29-42.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"—John 1:29.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 3:1-17.—The Ministry of John.
T. Matt. 4:1-11.—The Temptation of Jesus.
W. John 1:19-28.—The Testimony of John.
Th. John 1:29-42.—Christ's First Disciple.
F. Ex. 12:1-14.—The Paschal Lamb.
S. 1 Pet. 1:18-25.—The Lamb Without Blemish.
S. Luke 14:25-35.—Test of Discipleship.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Beholding Christ. vs. 29-34.
II. Following Christ. vs. 35-39.
III. Bringing Others to Christ. vs. 40-42.

TIME.—A.D. 27, February; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Bethabara, or Bethany, at a ford of the Jordan nearly opposite Jericho.

OPENING WORDS.

John omits all mention of the birth and early life of Jesus, and begins his record with the ministry of the Baptist, as introducing the ministry of Jesus. From the other evangelists we learn that Jesus, immediately after his baptism, was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. From the wilderness he returned to Bethabara, where John was still baptizing. On the day of his return a deputation from the priests and Levites at Jerusalem came to John with the question, "Who art thou?" John 1:19-28. The next day John saw Jesus coming to him, and pointed him out as the Lamb of God.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 29. *Behold the Lamb of God*—the atoning sacrifice for sin prefigured by the lambs in the Jewish sacrifices. V. 30. *This is he of whom I said*—see vs. 26, 27. V. 31. *I knew him not*—in his official character, by the appointed sign. *Baptizing with water*—John's baptism was outward, and only a symbol; Christ's baptism is spiritual, and cleanses the heart. V. 34. *I saw*—see Matt. 3:16, 17; Mark 1:10, 11; Luke 3:21, 22. V. 35. *The next day*—two days after the visit of the deputation from Jerusalem. *Two of his disciples*—one was Andrew (ver. 40); the other was probably the apostle John himself. V. 39. *Come and see*—Revised Version, "Come and ye shall see." *Tenth hour*—ten o'clock in the morning, according to the Roman reckoning of time, which John uses. V. 42. *Thou shalt be called Cephas*—Revised Version, "Thou shalt be called Cephas (*which is, by interpretation, Peter*)."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—For what purpose did the priests and Levites send a deputation to John? How did he answer their questions? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. BEHOLDING CHRIST. vs. 29-34.—What took place the next day? What did John say? Why is Jesus called *the Lamb of God*? How may your sins be taken away? What further did John say? vs. 30, 31.—What was John's testimony? vs. 32-34.

II. FOLLOWING CHRIST. vs. 35-39.—Who were with John the next day? What took place? By what name did John call Jesus? What effect had this on the two disciples? Why did they follow Jesus? What invitation did Jesus give them? How long did they remain with Jesus? How may you follow Christ?

III. BRINGING OTHERS TO CHRIST. vs. 40-42.—Who was one of these disciples? Whom did Andrew find? What did he *say* to Simon? To whom did Andrew bring his brother? How did Jesus receive Simon? How may we bring others to Christ?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus came into the world to save sinners.
2. That the true way to treat the Gospel is to "come and see."—Try it.
3. That Jesus will be found of all who seek him.
4. That we should bring our friends to Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did John say to Jesus? Ans. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.
2. By what sign was Jesus made known to John at his baptism? Ans. He saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him.
3. What did John say to two of his disciples? Ans. Behold the Lamb of God.
4. What did the two disciples do? Ans. They followed Jesus.
5. What did Andrew, one of these disciples, do? Ans. He found his brother Simon and brought him to Jesus.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO RENOVATE BLACK GOODS.

An excellent cleansing fluid, especially useful when men's garments require renovation, is prepared as follows: dissolve four ounces of white castile-soap shavings in a quart of boiling water. When cold, add four ounces of ammonia, two ounces each of ether, alcohol, and glycerine, and a gallon of clear cold water. Mix thoroughly, and as it will keep for a long time, bottle and cork tightly for future use. This mixture will cost about eighty cents, and will make eight quarts.

For men's clothing, heavy cloth, etc., dilute a small quantity in an equal amount of water, and following the nap of the goods sponge the stains with a piece of similar cloth. The grease that gathers upon the collars of coats will immediately disappear, and the undiluted fluid will vanquish the more obstinate spots. When clean, dry with another cloth, and press the under side with a warm iron. This fluid is also useful when painted walls and wood-work require scouring, a cupful to a pail of warm water being the proper proportion.

When washing black dress goods, soap must never under any circumstances be applied directly to the material. In order to obtain the necessary suds, it must be shaved and entirely dissolved in a basinful of boiling water, and then thrown into the wash-tub.

Black Lawn.—Wash very quickly in hot suds, for this material must not lie wet; rinse in deeply blued water, and hang in the shade; iron upon the wrong side while still damp. If stiffening is desired, dry thoroughly, and before ironing dip the goods into very thin and very blue starch; hang once more in the open air, and iron when nearly dry.

Black crape requires careful treatment. Remove the dust by gently slapping it between the hands. Steam small pieces by holding them over the spout of the boiling tea-kettle, and larger ones over a dish-pan of boiling water. Lay the moist pieces of crape between two layers of sheet-wadding, and press beneath a heavy weight—the slab of a marble-topped table or the pastry board weighted with books or flat-irons. It is well to place a width of soft cheese-cloth both above and below the crape, in order to prevent the cotton fluff from adhering to it.

Black Velvet.—Brush carefully, and steam to raise the sunken pile. Two persons, their hands protected from the steam, are required to do the work. While one holds the heated iron with its smooth surface upturned, the other, throwing a very wet towel over it, presses the wrong side of the velvet down upon the iron, so that the rising steam forces the pile into place, and continues this as long as possible. Lastly, the wrong side of the velvet is drawn quickly across the surface of the iron itself.

Black Silk.—Purchase a few ounces of soap-bark at the drug-store, according to the amount of silk to be cleaned. Steep two ounces of the bark in a quart of warm water for a few hours. Rip and brush the silk, and remove all threads left by the former stitches. Spread the pieces upon the lap-board or a clean table, and after straining the infusion, sponge on both sides with a scrap of the silk. A lather will form, and this is then to be wiped away with another piece of the silk. Do not wring the moisture from the silk; spread the different pieces upon a sheet laid over the carpet, and pin them at the corners. When dry, the silk will look like new

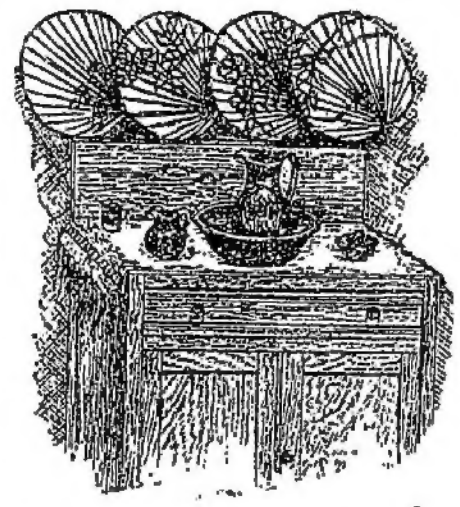
Black Cashmere.—Wash in hot suds, and rinse twice in lukewarm water well blued. If a clear day, hang in the open air, and iron upon the wrong side when nearly dry. Long, steady strokes of the iron and even pressure throughout will restore the original silky sheen of the material.

Black Alpaca.—Proceed as with cashmere, and add a little gum-arabic to the last rinsing water.

Black Lace.—Spread out the lace upon a towel stretched over the lap-board, and, using an old black kid glove or a soft piece of silk for the purpose, sponge thoroughly with a solution of borax—a teaspoonful to a pint of warm water. To retain the shape, direct the strokes from the selvage outward. Cover with a piece of old silk, and iron dry. —*Harper's Bazar.*

MODERN WASH STAND.

I hardly know what is the latest thing in splash backs, as almost everything has been used for that purpose. Modern wash-stands having high tiled backs require nothing further. With the old wash stand you describe, a quaint, pretty effect may be made by nailing a close row of flat palm-leaf fans (with the sticks cut off) along a



narrow strip of thin wood, as seen in Fig. 1. The fans can either stand up straight or they can slant, overlapping each other a little. Paint them over in some plain color to harmonize with the washstand, and varnish them, or if you have artistic talent a spray of roses on a shaded delicate ground, or a conventional pattern of water lilies, or any little sketches you may fancy, would be effective.—*Household.*

"THE STAFF OF LIFE."

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

Bread has been truly called the staff of life, and as it is one of the principal articles of our food, it is not to be wondered at that the health of a family depends largely upon the kind of bread they eat and how it is made. To make first-class bread requires common sense, judgment and care, from the time the yeast is started until it comes out of the oven a well-shaped, golden-brown loaf.

The best of recipes will not make good bread unless the flour is good and the cook careful. The longer bread is kneaded the better it is and the whiter.

Wheat Bread.—One quart of warm water a pinch of salt, one cupful of soft yeast, and flour to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly and let it stand over night. In the morning stir down and add sufficient flour to mix it well, knead a long time and let it rise; then put it into your tins, handling as little as possible. When light place it in a moderate oven and bake an hour, watching it carefully. If the crust is too crisp, wet with a little sponge or cloth dipped in milk.

Brown Bread—Two cupfuls of cornmeal, two cupfuls of white flour, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam three or four hours and bake half an hour.

Graham Bread.—One quart of warm water, one teaspoonful of salt, a small cupful of brown sugar, one teacupful of soft yeast, a small teaspoonful of soda, and enough graham flour to make it stiff enough so it will drop readily from a spoon. Grease your tins and pour it in. Let it rise until quite light and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Rolls.—One pint of boiling milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a cup of soft yeast, and flour to make a soft sponge. Let it rise over night, then knead hard, let it rise again and roll out, cut with biscuit cutter and fold half over. Bake in a quick oven a golden brown.

Oatmeal Rolls.—To a vegetable dish of cold oatmeal left from breakfast add a tablespoonful of melted butter, one well-beaten egg, a pint of hot milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour to make quite stiff so it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in gem irons in a hot oven.

Muffins.—Half a cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sugar, a little salt, one egg well beaten, one pint of boiled milk, half a cup of yeast and flour to make thick. Let it rise over night, and bake in irons from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Rice Muffins.—Half a pint of sweet milk, one pint of flour, half a pint of cold boiled rice, two eggs, one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; melt the butter, add the sugar and eggs, beat well, then add the flour. When smooth add the rice. Bake in muffin rings. This will make a dozen and a half.

Graham Muffins.—One tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, one cupful of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and graham flour to make a stiff batter.—*N. Y. Observer.*

TRAIN THE GIRLS.

When a girl is ten years old she should be given household duties to perform, according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy.

Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet have a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them.

We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl or daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.—*Clipping.*

BEFORE YOU CLEAN HOUSE.

Long before the calendar says it is time to begin house-cleaning, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, you should look over the magazines, papers, disabled furniture, discarded garments, and household ornaments which even twelve months accumulate so wonderfully. Be brave, and do not save an indiscriminate mass of articles against the possible needs of the seventh year of which we hear so much. Give away the best of the old garments and sell the remainder to the junk man. The magazines and papers which you do not intend to have bound or to utilize in your scrap-book, will be eagerly read in some hospital or other institution. Even the furniture and ornaments will greatly brighten the dreary surroundings of some poor family. Have the courage of your convictions in dealing with the contents of trunks and boxes. Dispense with non-essentials and systematize the remainder, and your reward will be a delightful sense of space and a feeling of almost physical relief.

HOW NOT TO WORRY.

"It was refreshing to hear one woman say that she had learned how not to worry. How do you suppose she did it? Why every time she felt the inclination to count up her woes and worries she resisted the temptation and counted up her blessings instead, 'And that', she says, 'always makes me forget that I have anything to fret or be anxious about. We must remember that brooding troubles, like brooding chickens, makes them grow and thrive wonderfully.'"—*Laws of Life.*

HOW TO LAY A CARPET.

Lay the linings on the floor, putting a small tack here and there to keep them in place. Put the carpet on the floor, unrolling it in the direction in which it is to be laid. Begin to tack it at the end of the room which is the most irregular. If there be a fire-place or bay-window in the room, fit the carpet around these places first. Use large tacks to hold the carpet temporarily in place; they can be withdrawn when the work is finished. When the carpet is fitted to a place, use small tacks to keep it down. Tack one end of the carpet, stretching it well; then a side, then the other end, and finally the other side. Be careful to keep the lines straight and to have the carpet fit tightly; for if it be loose it will not only look badly, but will not wear well.—*Maria Parloa, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

RECIPES.

Rice Croquettes.—Boil half a cup of milk and stir into it a cup of cold, boiled rice, a tablespoonful of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt. When it boils add an egg well beaten, and cook two minutes longer. When mixture is cold, make into rolls or balls, dip in eggs and cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Lemon Pie.—One smooth, juicy lemon; grate the rind and squeeze out the juice, straining it on the rind; one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, in a bowl; one good-sized cupful of boiling water, in a pan on the stove. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch and stir it into the water; when it boils pour it over the sugar and butter, and stir in the rind and juice. When a little cool add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Butter a deep plate and cover all over with cracker dust (very fine crumbs). This is the crust. Pour in the mixture and bake; then frost with the two whites, and brown.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca over night, add one quart of milk and cook in a double kettle until soft. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a scant cup of sugar and add these to the milk; flavor with vanilla. Beat the whites and add a spoon of sugar, and frost. Place in the oven a few minutes and brown slightly. Serve cold.

Tapioca Pudding, No. 1.—Eight tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked three hours (or over night) in cold water. In the morning add one quart of milk and five eggs well beaten (leaving out the whites of two). Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Beat the two whites and add three tablespoons of fine sugar, and frost. Set in the oven ten minutes to dry.

Tapioca Pudding, No. 2.—Soak three heaping tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in cold milk one hour. Take one quart of milk, add one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, place in a double kettle and let it come to a boil. Add the tapioca and cook three quarters of an hour. Beat the yolks of four eggs and stir in the tapioca with one cupful of sugar. Stir well and cook ten minutes longer; pour in a pudding dish and set away to cool. When partly cool add one teaspoonful of vanilla. When cold and ready to use beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth; whip half a pint of cream, add three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla; mix all together and pour over the pudding. This pudding is just as good the next day, but it is better not to make the frosting until you are ready to use it.

PUZZLES.—No. 11.

WHERE?

1. Where was a disciple of Christ called Jupiter?
2. Near what island did certain sailors undergird their ship?
3. Where did the gold raised by Jehoiakim go?
4. A certain king who lived in a city was besieged. When he saw that the city was taken he burned himself in the king's palace. Where did he live?

WHAT ARE WE?

We are two boon companions,
We're always on the move;
We travel many miles
In the same old groove;
We handicap each other,
By day and by night;
We never seem to tire
In our endless flight.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where does it say that the hair stood up?
2. What king was magnified because of the presents brought him?
3. The gods of Syria were the ruin of a certain king. What king?
4. To whom did David give a cake of figs?

CURTAILED DECAPITATION.

The *total* is a sacred place,
A church it often means;
Curtailed, a laughing, merry face
It very often screens.

The centre is an article
Quite often used, I see;
For useful things may be quite small,
As solver will agree.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

My first among the hills of Perth
My sixth and seventh feeds,
At fourth the great Carlyle had birth,
As he may know who reads.
Within eleven Burns was born,
At eight lived Walter Scott,
On last Prince Charlie roamed forlorn,
On three king Robert fought,
Nine is a country near the sea,
A mount is number ten,
Thirteen has much wild scenery,
Fourteen's a noted "Ben,"
A range of hills is number two,
A border county five,
Where twelve you'll find when you go through
If you but look alive,
Primals of Scottish names thus found,
Arranged by numbers give,
The name of one in song renowned
Who did in Scotland live.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 11.

Numerical.—Behavior.

Cross-word Enigma.—Clover.

Charade.—Case—Knife.

Queer Puzzle.—

A L L
L O W
W E D

Allowed.—

Reversal.—Reviled—Deliver.

Numerical Enigma.—Never too late to mend.

The Family Circle.

A STORY OF KAREN LIFE.

BY MISS L. ROSE.

The southern part of Burma is traversed by broad rivers and the level plains along their banks extend inland for miles. In the south-eastern part of the country, a long range of hills rises abruptly from the plain. They are covered with a tangled, impenetrable growth of majestic trees, entwining vines, and coarse grass, taller than a man's head.

A number of years ago a clearing had been made near the foot of one of these hills. Clumps of bamboo had been left here and there, and near them were little houses for which they had furnished the material. Far above the roofs of these houses, tall cocoa and betel-nut trees waved their long, graceful leaves and below were hundreds of banana trees in all stages of growth.

One of these houses stood at the edge of the plain, quite apart from the others. It was built high up on bamboo posts, and two women were under the house busily at work. The younger was pounding rice with a rude, primitive contrivance. A huge, wooden hammer was fastened horizontally across a block which served as a fulcrum. Under the hammer was a great bowl hollowed out of solid wood. This held the paddy, or unhusked rice. The young woman would step with one foot on the short end of the hammer; the weight of her body raising the long end to which the pounder was attached; then, as she jumped lightly off, it would fall with a heavy thud on the paddy in the bowl. To keep up this movement for any length of time was hard work, and the woman stopped and sat down on the beam of the rice-pounder to rest. Her mother, with a large, shallow tray of basket work, was winnowing the rice which she had threshed. She gave the tray quick little jerks which sent the kernels flying upward in a body. They always got back to the tray, while the particles of chaff fell over the edge. Several fowls were moving unconcernedly about the two women, looking for stray kernels of paddy in the thick dust.

After watching the older woman in silence for a while, the other said:

"Oh, my mother, there are not three baskets of paddy left in the bin!"

The mother let her tray rest on her knees.

"Well, Lah-thee," she said thoughtfully, "three baskets will last you and me some time, besides we have our pigs." And she looked at an old sow and her litter that were grunting over some yams and banana skins only a few feet away. "See, there are nine good, fat young ones, besides our three big pigs."

"But, mother," the voice was impatient, "we can't live on clear meat, and as for the rice lasting, of course it can't last a year. Here it is hardly past the middle of dry season. Three months yet before we can plant rice!"

"My daughter," the mother began, after a short silence, "I cannot like to have you raise the paddy alone. I wish there was some other way for us to live."

"I can do it," the other answered with determination. "I have not helped Oung-myat all these years without learning how to raise paddy. If I had not had the fever all last rains we should have plenty of rice now."

"Thu-gyee says," resumed the mother, "that he will give us all the paddy we need if we will let him use our field."

Lah-thee got up and energetically "shoo'd" the fowls.

"Mother, you know Thu-gyee said that because he is sorry for us. He has been kind to us ever since we came to his settlement, and now that Oung-myat is dead he wants to help us. That field would yield him scarcely more than we should need, and there is nothing we can do to pay him—his daughters do all the weaving for the family. It would be different to accept help from him if he were our kinsman. Mother, where do you suppose all our relatives are."

"I don't know," she replied, mournfully. "All dead, perhaps. Killed by those wicked Burmans in Thagaing." After a moment, she exclaimed, "Oh! where is my pretty boy, my youngest! He would care for his poor, old mother and sister." Her voice quivered and the tears started.

Lah-thee had unintentionally turned her mother's thought to this, her greatest sorrow. She could say nothing to comfort her, so she resumed her work in silence.

Aunt Kyan, as she was called in the little community, stepped out from under the house, and, shielding her eyes with her hand, looked out across the plain. She had often stood there and watched in that same attitude and seen nothing but the hard, baked ground, covered here and there with withering bushes and scorched grass. But this afternoon she called out:

"Oh, Lah-thee."

"What, my mother?" came the response and the noise of the pounder ceased.

"Has not Thu-gyee got back from Myoo Ogh?"

"Yes," the daughter answered. "He came last night. Why?"

"There is an elephant coming."

"An elephant!" The young woman came out and stood beside her mother. "Sure enough that is an elephant, but it cannot be Thu-gyee's for I saw him driven up the hill just since the sun was overhead."

"Who can be coming to our village," said Aunt Kyan, with an excited tremor in her voice; "no elephant besides Big Po has been here for years."

As they stood eagerly watching the elephant's approach, the man in the howdah on the great animal's back was looking out from under the thatch-covering with quite as much eagerness. An almost naked, dark-skinned man sat on the elephant's broad neck, one foot hanging behind each big, flapping ear. He guided the elephant by kicking the back of one of its ears, or if that was not enough, by poking it with a short, stout stick, provided with an iron knob at the end. When the man who was watching from the howdah saw the two women, he asked the other to drive up to them. "They may be able to direct us," he said.

This man, who came so unexpectedly to Aunt Kyan's jungle village, proved to be her own nephew, Moung Ling, of whom she had always been very fond, but of whom she had known nothing since she, with her daughter and son-in-law left Thagaing, ten years before, to get away from the Burmans there. Neither had Moung Ling known anything of her until he chanced to go to Myoo-ogh some two weeks before. There he heard that his aunt was living in a hill settlement some eight hours' cart-journey away, that her son-in-law had died the year before, and that now she and her daughter had no one to care for them except Thu-gyee, the head man of the village. When Moung Ling heard this news he immediately decided that he would give his aunt and cousin a home. He said to himself: "Now that Oungmyat is dead, it is my place to be a son to Aunt Kyan. I have a good house and three large fields, so I can easily provide for my aunt and for Cousin Lah-thee, too." So he had hastened home and made arrangements for an enlarged household; then putting the largest howdah on the elephant, and getting one of the young men of his village to accompany him, he started for the hills to find his aunt.

It was a happy meeting and there were many questions to be asked on both sides. Aunt Kyan was delighted with the prospect of living with her nephew, but the Burmans—she was afraid of them.

"Why, Aunt," Moung Ling said, "we have nothing to fear from the Burmans now, they are not allowed to harm us."

"Not allowed!" Aunt Kyan fairly sprang to her feet; "who can prevent the Burmans from doing anything?"

Then Moung Ling patiently explained to her that a strange people from far away, a people much stronger and wiser than the Burmans, had come and conquered the country, and made the Burmans obey their laws. The poor woman, who had known almost nothing of what went on in the world outside her own little village, listened eagerly.

"Oh," she said, "Why didn't these people come before, so the Burmans would not have killed my husband and taken away my boy. The wicked Burmans! I do not want to go to live near them again."

Her nephew told her that very few Burmans were left in Thagaing, most of them having gone to towns on larger rivers, where they could trade with the foreigners. "So, my aunt, there is nothing to dread. You are going home with me, and let us start to-morrow."

Aunt Kyan's few arrangements were easily made. Thu-gyee bought her field, her pigs and chickens, and the little paddy she had left. He paid her in rupees, the first silver money she had ever seen. Her house was left to be pulled to pieces as the neighbors needed fuel. Her few movables were packed into the old cart, drawn by her two strong buffaloes that would hereafter help to plough Moung Ling's fields.

When all was ready and the great elephant crouched down to take on his riders. Aunt Kyan could not be persuaded that it was perfectly safe to step on his leg and then up on to his back. No, she would ride in the cart.

"I know my good old buffaloes, I do not know your elephant," she said. And so they started on their journey, the elephant ahead with steady ponderous swing, the cart behind rattling and joggling over the rough ground, till Aunt Kyan almost wished herself on the elephant.

A few days later Moung Ling was out in a little canoe on the river that flows by Thagaing. As it was the dry season and there was no work to be done in the fields, he was spending this day in fishing. Presently he noticed a boat coming up the river. It was a queer looking craft, different from any he had ever seen.

"It cannot be a Burmese boat," he thought, "it lies too low in the water and has no high, ornamented stern." Then on a nearer view: "This is a stranger. The oarsmen are all sitting down. No Burman ever builds a boat with seats for his oarsmen. And they have a roof over them, too. It isn't thatch, it looks like white cloth. What can it be made of?"

While Moung Ling was thus wondering about the strange boat, one of the rowers called to him in his own language, so he quickly paddled alongside. Just then a man stepped out to the deck. His appearance startled Moung Ling. He had a white face and a bushy beard, and his clothes were even stranger than his face. But Moung Ling remembered hearing vague descriptions of the foreigners, and being a sensible, cool-headed man, he was not afraid of this remarkable being.

The white man was a missionary to the Karens and was now travelling about among their villages. This boat, which he had built himself, was especially adapted to a missionary's use. Part of its widest space was enclosed by a thatched roof and matting walls, and in this little house he and his wife lived for weeks at a time during their jungle tours. She was now with him, and together they were trying to reach all the Karens in that vicinity. They were now on their way to the village of Thagaing, and had called to Moung Ling to inquire if they could reach it by noon. After looking at the sun, he said he thought they could, and he gave them directions for finding his house.

"All of you go there," he said, "and tell my wife that I want her to cook rice for you this afternoon. I will catch enough fish for all, and will be at home before the sun is low."

Mr. and Mrs. Ward smiled at the thought of a native dinner for themselves, but thanked Moung Ling, and accepted his generous invitation for their Karen crew. "We, ourselves, will 'eat rice' here in the boat."

As soon as they reached the village, Mr. and Mrs. Ward put on their large, pith hats and went on shore. Then there was an amusing spectacle. The natives who had gathered to see the strange boat now scattered as fast as they could run, some to the woods, others up into their houses, drawing in the ladders after them.

The missionaries walked along the deserted village paths, until they came to the house which they thought must be Moung Ling's. There in a little square hole in the matting wall they saw the wrinkled face of an elderly woman. It was Aunt Kyan, who had said she did not believe those were evil spirits, or wild beasts either. She was going to look at them, anyway."

Mrs. Ward, looking up with a pleasant smile, said:

"Will you not come down and talk with us? We will not hurt you."

Aunt Kyan turned quickly to those inside.

"There! They are people, and they talk our language. I am going to see them."

Many persons were watching through cracks in the walls of all the houses near, and when they saw Aunt Kyan venture and receive no harm they came one by one till the missionaries were surrounded by a curious group asking all manner of questions.

"Do you eat like other people?"

"Are you born white, or do you do something to change your color?"

"Is your skin white all over, like your face and hands?"

"Do those things on your feet come off, or do you have to sleep in them nights?"

These and many other inquiries had to be answered before the people cared to listen to what the missionaries came to tell. At last Mr. Ward got the men interested, while Mrs. Ward sat down under a banyan tree and told, to the women about her, the Gospel story. They listened quietly for some time. Then Aunt Kyan interrupted.

"How do you know about this Jesus Christ? Did you ever see him?"

"No," Mrs. Ward answered, "He lived long ago. But we have a book that tells us about him, and how to be good and loving like him."

Aunt Kyan's face began to shine with interest.

"Is that the book that our old men used to say would be brought to us sometime, the 'white book' that was lost from us because we were so wicked? It must be! They always said that people from far away would come and bring it back to us, and now you have come and brought the book."

Mrs. Ward had heard of this tradition among the Karens, and was interested to talk to Aunt Kyan about it. After the others had left to go and cook the afternoon meal, the old woman told her whole story; first, how she and her husband had hoped the "white book" would come before they died. They had never kneeled to the Burman idols, or even made offerings to the evil spirits, as most of the Karens did, for they had been told that there was one great God, and the "white book" would teach them how to worship him.

"Now," she said, "my husband is dead and cannot hear you tell about the great God. The Burmans killed him when they carried away our little son. They took my boy because he was so pretty," she sobbed, "he had such strong, beautiful limbs. They said they wanted him for the king's palace, but, oh, I don't know where he is."

As soon as the company of men around Mr. Ward began to disperse, his wife stepped up, and, putting her hand on his arm, said, excitedly: "I have something to talk with you about."

When Mr. and Mrs. Ward arrived in Burma, ten years before, they had heard of a little boy seven or eight years old whom an English officer had taken from a party of Burmans, believing that he had been stolen. Nothing could be learned of the boy's home, and as he was a bright, interesting boy, Mr. Ward took him to bring up. The only name he had was "Poo-tha," which means simply "the child," a common pet name for the youngest of the family. Mr. Ward called him Isaac. He had been with the missionaries ever since and was now a fine, intelligent young man and was so worthy of confidence that he had been left in charge of the mission compound during Mr. Ward's absence.

Three weeks later the missionaries returned to the city and Aunt Kyan was with them. As they passed along the streets from the river to their house, the old Karen woman's wonder at everything she saw was beyond expression.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "So many people! Do you know them all?"

The buildings of the foreign merchants were marvellous to her. With wide open eyes she said:

"What big houses! It must be that the people in the city have large families!"

Then her face grew sad. "I hoped I might find my boy, but I never can find him here."

The missionaries smiled but said nothing.

Aunt Kyan's curiosity and astonishment were amusing to Mr. and Mrs. Ward, but when she arrived at their home and found in Isaac her long-lost boy, they had to turn away with tears in their eyes.

Aunt Kyan spent the rest of her life with them, happy in the love of her son and in a knowledge of the precious "white book."

CAPTAIN HUNTLY MACKAY, R. E.

Perhaps the best thing of the many fine ones said about this brilliant young Canadian, whose death at Mombasa on the east coast of Africa has proved such a sad disappointment to his friends and a loss to his country, was that said by his sister.

CAPTAIN HUNTLY MACKAY.

(Only a short time before the world of missions had mourned the death of Alexander Mackay of Uganda.) "A Mackay," she said, "has fallen at each end of the projected railway, but they are but the first piers of the bridge which will soon be a highway for civilization into the very heart of Africa."

"Among those men whose athletic frames, intellectual vigor and moral nobility have made the greatness of England," wrote a personal friend of Captain Mackay in the *Witness* on hearing of his death, "none could be counted worthier than Huntly Mackay. From his infancy fear was unknown to him, and his gentleness was as marked as his too reckless daring, which almost courted danger. His truthfulness was felt by all. If in anything it failed it was where a strangely sensitive modesty kept back whatever would bring credit to himself. He was born near Kingston and after a short sojourn at Ile Aux Noix spent his childhood at St. Vincent de Paul, where he went to the French school, carrying off the honors and winning the affection of the people, who still remember him familiarly under the pet name of Baba, which he bore at school. When, at the age of ten, he went to Richmond College, he could scarcely speak English. At the Montreal High School he took the Governor-General's silver medal. On leaving there he became a reporter for the *Witness*, where he distinguished himself for his conscientious accuracy and was looked upon as one who was certain to make a first-class journalist. But his heart was in engineering. He saved every cent to put himself through the Royal Military College, where he took the first place, winning the large gold medal and obtaining as a reward a commission in the Royal Engineers. Capt. Mackay was considered the best authority on Africa, and was down at the War Office as a commissioner for boundaries. He was thirty-three years old, and had received the Distinguished Service Order medal. It may be of interest to note that his grandfather, a lieutenant in the 42nd Regiment, served in the Peninsular war. The record of his service, which has been almost entirely in Africa, first under Sir Charles Warren, in Bechuanaland, and then in Sierra Leone, where he had charge of certain fortification works, and took part with only two other white men in an inland campaign against a slave raiding tribe, and next under the East Africa Company, will, when it is written, show how much work he had crowded into his short career, and what rapid advancement he had earned. No one who knows his career and the distinguished positions that were within his grasp can doubt that, had he lived, he would have been numbered among Britain's prominent administrators."

Captain Mackay was the son of Mr. Huntly B. Mackay, of Montreal, at one time in the Canadian Civil Service as deputy-warden of the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

In connection with so illustrious a student *Messenger* readers will be interested in a short account of the school in which he received his training.

The Royal Military College, of Canada, writes the assistant secretary to the High Commissioner for Canada to a London paper, was founded in Kingston in the year 1875, and was opened in June 1876 with a class of eighteen cadets and a staff consisting of a commandant, a captain of cadets, and three professors.

The only available building at first was the old Naval Barrack at Point Frederick, now used as a dormitory. The present college building was completed in the summer of 1878; new batches of cadets were at first admitted every six months, and by June, 1878, when those who originally joined completed their course, the number had increased to about ninety. The staff had in the meanwhile been gradually added to, and is now complete with a Commandant (Major-General D. R. Cameron, R.A., C.M.G.), ten Professors, three Instructors, Staff-Adjutant, Medical Officer, and Paymaster, etc.

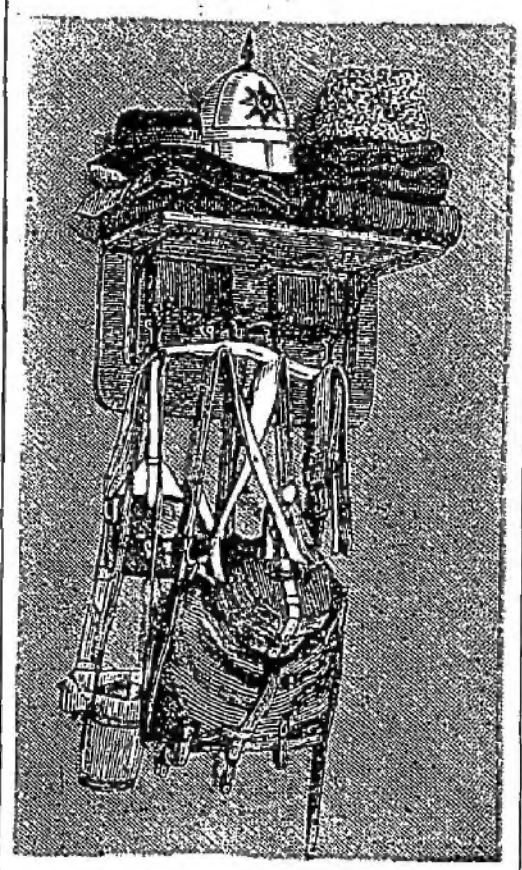
The total number of cadets approved for admission to the present date is about 250. Of these 235 actually joined. The number who have graduated is 135. The number of cadets who have, so far, been gazetted to commissions in the Imperial Army, between the Cavalry, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Infantry services, is sixty-nine. In addition to these ex-cadets have been appointed to Commissions in the Mounted Police of Canada, the Schools of Artillery, Schools of Infantry, and to the Staff of the Royal Military College.

Of the cadets who have not obtained military employment, the greater portion have become civil engineers, and the services of these gentlemen have been much sought after, and very highly valued, not only in Canada, but in the United States also. Two of the graduates are employed on the Hydrographical Survey of the Canadian Lakes, three on the Geological Survey, and about seven in other Government Departments. About thirty cadets took part in the suppression of the Rebellion in the North-West in 1885. The present strength of the cadets is about eighty-five, and this may be expected to increase, as some twenty-four may be admitted every year. The age of admission is over fifteen and under eighteen years on the 1st of January preceding the entrance examination, which takes place annually in the month of June.

The College course, being a four years' one, allows ample time not only for a thorough military training, but also for the study of Civil Engineering, Civil Surveying, Physics, Practical Chemistry, and other subjects which are naturally of great use to cadets in civil life, the course comprising Military Drills, both Infantry, Artillery, and Engineer; Signalling, Fencing, Riding, Tactics, Strategy, Military Administration and Law, Fortification and Military Engineering, Mathematics and Mechanism, Astronomy, Geology and Mineralogy, Chemistry and Electricity, etc.

The College possesses a small observatory, and a most valuable assortment of surveying instruments, a most complete chemical laboratory, physical apparatus of almost every description, and a good selection of drawing and other models.

All this has been gradually built up, and, needless to say, at great expense to the Dominion. But the growth of the college in public estimation warrants the expenditure, and it is an institution of which Canada may well feel proud; in fact, its success has been so noted that it seems likely a similar college will shortly be started in Australia.



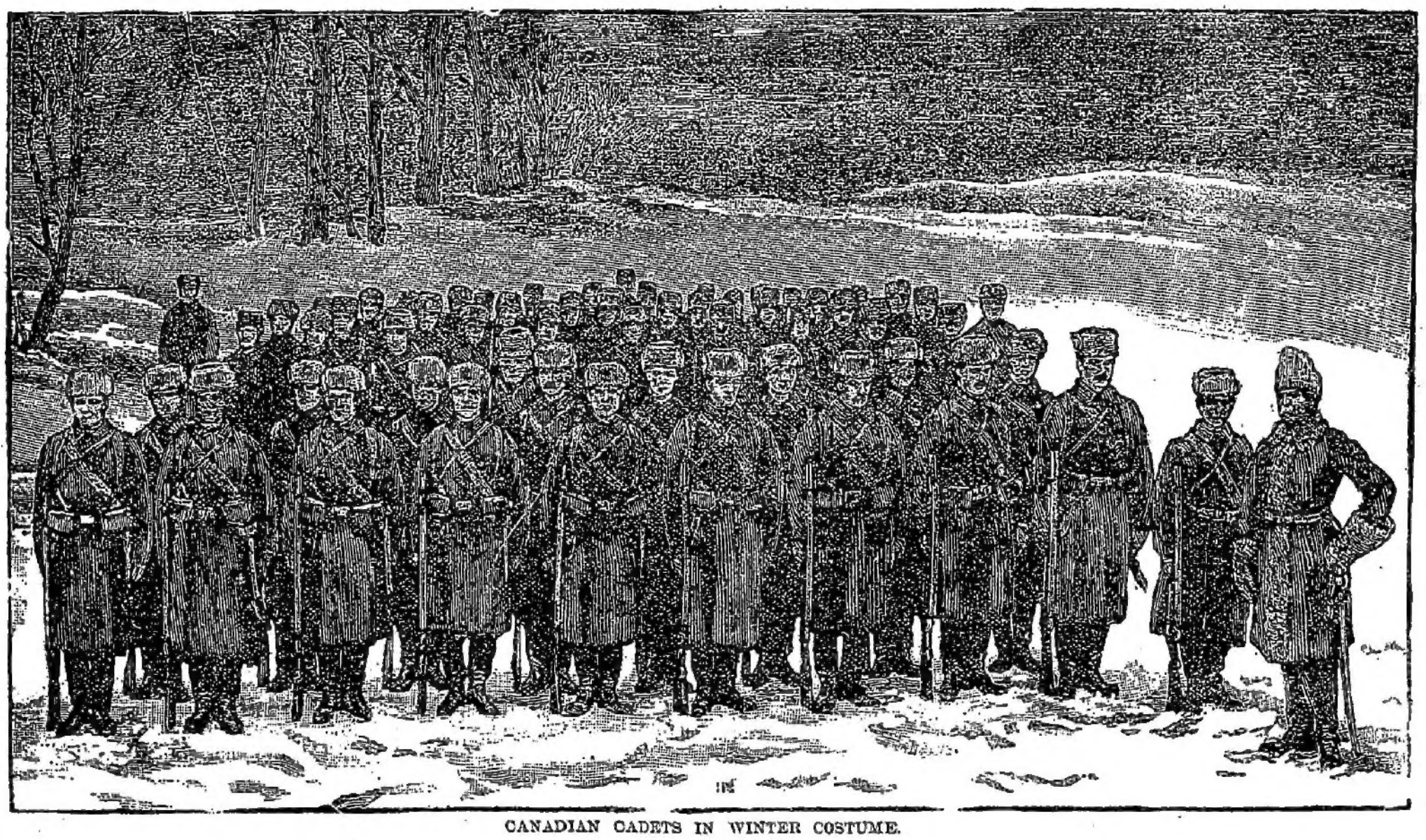
CADET'S KIT.

Would space admit, much more might be said in justice to the Royal Military College of Canada, tending, as it does, to develop a true and loyal spirit towards the Mother Country. The cuts are from a photograph.

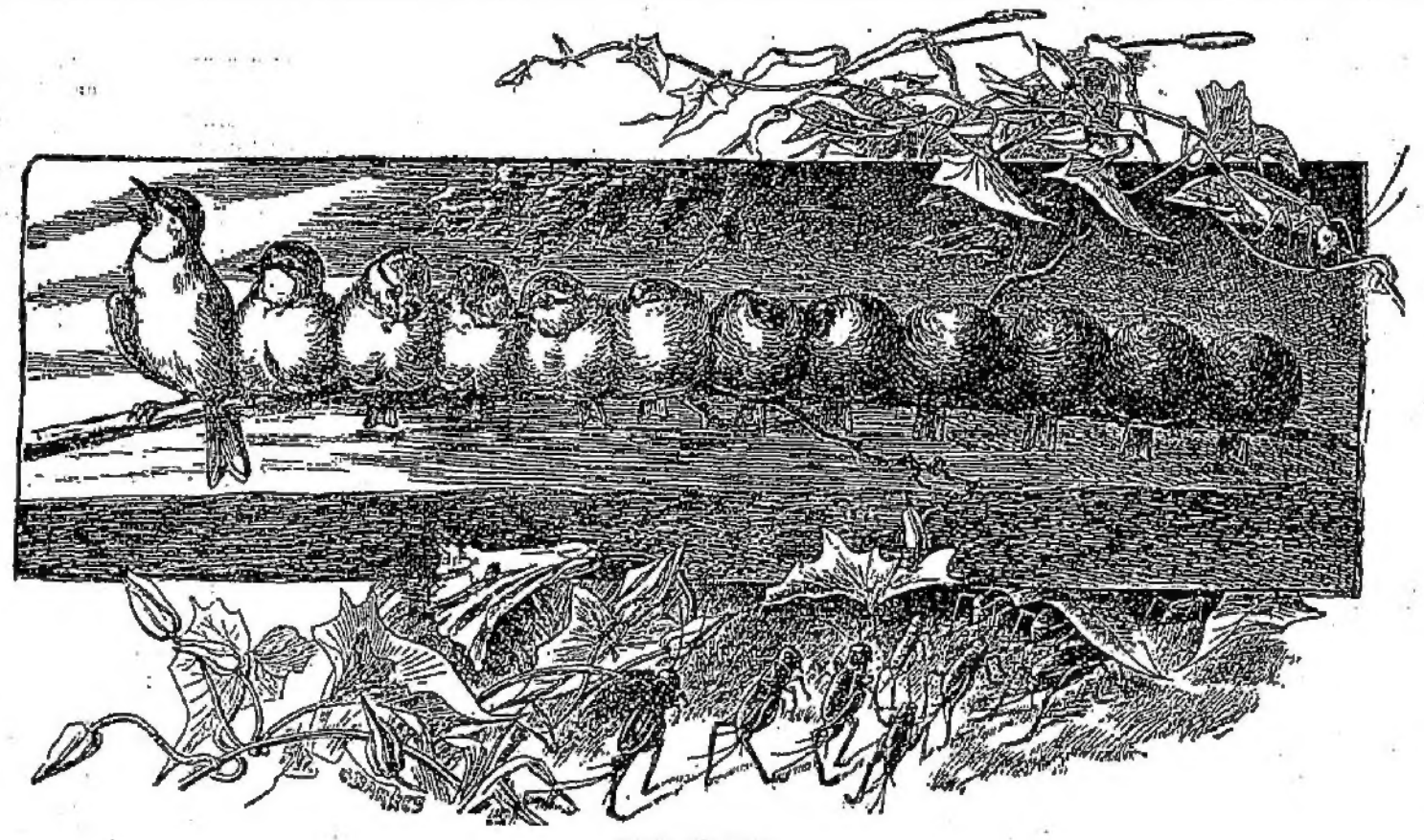
A PRAYER.

"Of little faith!" Yes, gracious Lord!
It is my constant grief
That I so little trust thy word:
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

—*Delta.*



CANADIAN CADETS IN WINTER COSTUME.



PEEP OF DAY.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

But at this moment father appeared upon the scene.

"There's your father, and he'll tell ye just the same thing, that your mamma'll never abide the dog, my darlin's," said Mammy.

"Hallo!" said father, as he drove in the gate, and drew in his horse. "What a distressed looking dog! Where did he come from, little ones?"

"O, papa!" cried Daisy, hurt at this insult to her *protege*, whom she already looked upon with loving eyes.

And, "O, papa, you'll hurt his feelings," said Allie, in her turn.

"We b'lieve God sent him here, for us to take care of," said Daisy, half crying.

"But, my darlings," said father, "you know your mother does not like dogs."

"So I was telling them, Mr. Livingstone," said Mammy, "but their dear hearts are just set on being kind to the poor beast. But it's no use, at all, for the mistress would never suffer him on the place if she knew it."

"But," said Allie, sorrowfully, "I was thinking, she might like to do a little as she'd be done by. If mamma was a starved dog, don't you think she'd like some one to take care of her, papa?"

"And not be sent away to grow starveder and starveder every day," said Daisy, with deepest reproach in her tone.

Father laughed.

"At least, the poor fellow shall have one good meal, now," he said. "Bring him up to the house, Jim."

"Now, if he was fed up, and made kinder comf'able, he wouldn't be so bad lookin', sir," said Jim, patting the dog's lean sides. "He might come to be as genteel an' respectable like, as me an' Bill is become, all along of Miss Milly. Come, ole feller."

And, whistling to the dog, who followed slowly and suspiciously, as if, not even yet, sure of his welcome, Jim took his way to the back of the house, whither father had preceded him in his dogcart, having taken up the little girls beside him, and where he gave orders that the hungry creature should be fed.

Mary Jane would certainly have objected had not father's appearance in her quarters, and an order from him, been things of such unusual occurrence, that she was surprised and bewildered into a prompt obedience; and when he had seen the dog furnished with a sufficient meal, father left the little girls and Jim to watch him take his repast, and came in, and told the story, repeating Allie's reasoning, at which we were much amused.

Mother went to the dining-room window, and looked out.

There was the dog, eating his fill from the plate of bones and scraps which the cook had set before him, while soft, little white hands patted his ragged coat and poor, thin sides, and sweet, tender young voices coaxed and soothed him; and Jim, eager and interested, brought water to quench his thirst.

Spite of her dislike to dogs in general, her pity was moved for the forlorn creature. She could not bear to check the kindly feelings of her little ones, or grieve their tender hearts. Should she, who had taught them care and kindness for all dumb creatures, fail to practise her own lessons?

Jim looked up at her, unheeding the brimming dipper he carried, from which he allowed the water to splash over his own feet.

"O, missus, if yer could let us keep him, I wouldn't let him bother yer, noway. There's an old dog's kennel down to the stables, an' I'll fix him down there, an' feed him there—I'll save him a part of my own vittles if the ole cook won't gimme enough for him—an' yer shan't never see him nor hear him. Don't yer go fur to turn him off to starve."

And the little ones pleaded with eyes and voices, while the poor creature's pitiful looks were a powerful appeal in themselves. So mother, as we had known she would, gave way; and Wanderer, so the children named him, soon shortened to "Wand," was allowed to stay; at first, on trial, until it should be seen what manner of dog he should prove. Well washed and combed by Jim, who developed a great pride in his dog's personal appearance, and who strove by every means to curry favor by this, at first, unpromising pet of himself and the children, fed, and comfortably housed, he began to look more respectable as the flesh gathered upon his poor bones, although he never became remarkable in the way of looks.

It was droll, and touching, too, to see his devotion to the children. With Jim he was always friendly, but he evidently considered the little girls his first and best friends; unjustly, perhaps, since Jim had been, as he said "the fust to diskiver him," and to pity his forlorn condition.

He was never allowed to come into the house. Mother could not conquer herself so far as that. There was no need that she should, and his most partial friends could not pretend that "Wand" was calculated for a house pet; but no sooner was the sound of a little *footstep* heard, or the flutter of a white dress seen, than he was on the alert, ready to follow wherever they led, to guard or to guide, to fetch or to carry; willing, loving, faithful servant and friend. Jim, and Bill—when he was at Oakridge—taught him many droll tricks, which he was very apt at learning; and Allie and Daisy thought him a miracle of wisdom, while even the grown people had to allow that he was a knowing fellow.

CHAPTER V.—BILL'S "SUMMER THANKSGIVIN'."

The days and weeks sped on rapidly and pleasantly, until the evening of the third of July, which was to bring the two city-bound members of our household, to enjoy their "Fourth," and a short vacation with us. Their visits had, hitherto, been limited to Saturday evenings, and the succeeding Sundays; as Edward, and with him Bill, had always returned to business at an early hour on Monday morning. Edward had, more than once, offered to spare Bill for a short holiday; but the boy was loyal to his expressed intention of "sticking to the boss and Wall street," so long as his master went daily to his office; and declined all offers of that nature. He apparently thought that the business could not go on without him now.

Brother Edward was the most forgetful of men, in all little everyday matters, and this Bill had learned; and, taking upon himself the task of making good his small negligences, was usually on the watch to remind his master of articles mislaid or left behind.

But whether or no his own excitement was at fault on this occasion, he had been less watchful than usual; and, when Edward—with two or three friends whom he was bringing up to Oakridge with him—and Bill reached the railway depot on the afternoon of the third of July, it was found he had left a satchel, which it was absolutely necessary for him to have.

As he stood considering what it was best for him to do, unwilling to leave his friends to go on alone, or to detain them until a later train, while he returned to make good his forgetfulness, Bill, ever ready and helpful in an emergency, came up to him:

"I could run an' git it, an' be back in time for nex' train, couldn't I, sir?" he said.

"You may," said Edward; "but be sure you are back in time, Bill; the next is the last train; and, if you are left, you will miss all the fun this evening. There is your ticket; take good care of it, and keep your eye upon the satchel on the trip up."

"I know, sir," said Bill, with a broad grin, and shaking his head with a knowing look. "It's got that beautiful shiny thing in it, for Miss Milly. There ain't no one a-goin' to hook that away from me, not while I've got eyes to watch it, or han's to hole onter it."

And he was off like a shot; while Edward, seeing no necessity for waiting his return, as the boy was, by this time, familiar with the road, having been up and down several times in the course of the last few weeks, took this train up with his friends, believing that Bill was sure to follow by the next.

"I'm lots of time for the six o'clock train, bean't I?" said Bill, to the gatekeeper, as he dashed into the depot, an hour and a half later, satchel in hand.

"Yes," growled that official; and, in the same breath, added, "You can't get through, and if I did let you, you'd be put off the train without your ticket. Be off now, and don't be stopping up the way and hindering me."

Bill stared, and was just framing some answer—probably an impertinent one—but the next instant he saw that the words were addressed, not to him, but to a pale-faced, wretched-looking girl, about his own age; who, with a baby on one arm, and a large bundle on the other, and tears streaming down her cheeks, was standing at the man's elbow. She said something to the man in answer to his rough address, but it was in so low a tone that Bill did not catch the words.

"You can't come it over me. I don't believe you've lost no ticket, nor got no father a-dyin'," answered the man, more roughly than before, as he turned from her. 'Here now, you," to Bill, "Show your ticket, and pass."

But Bill, unheeding what the man said, drew back and followed the girl, who had turned away, sobbing as if her heart would break. Bill put little value on girls or girls' tears; but something in this child's agony of distress touched and interested him. Having placed Baby and bundle upon a settee, she stood, wringing her hands, while several people came up to her, asked a question or two, and then, apparently sharing the doubts of the door-keeper, "passed by on the other side," proffering neither help nor consolation.

Bill went up to her.

"I say," he said, "have yer lost yer ticket? an' is yer father dyin', honest an' fair, or are yer shammin'?"

"He is! he's dyin'!" she answered, in distress that was plainly genuine. "He's dyin' sure, an' I won't get to him. He was awful hurt on this very railway, an' they sent me word to come quick, if I wanted to see him. Oh, it's too awful cruel!"

A few more hurried questions and answers, and Bill learned that the girl's father—her mother was dead—had gone to work on the day before, upon the road near the station next to that to which he himself was bound; that he had given her fifty cents, before leaving, to provide for herself and the baby, and to "make a little Fourth of July;" that, so far as she could learn, he had been crushed while coupling some gravel-trucks together; and that, when word had come that he was dying, and that she must hasten to him, she had spent her little all in buying the ticket which was to carry her to him; that, in some way, burdened with the baby and the bundle, she had lost it; and that the railway officials would not believe her, or suffer her to pass. And she had not a cent left with which to purchase another ticket.

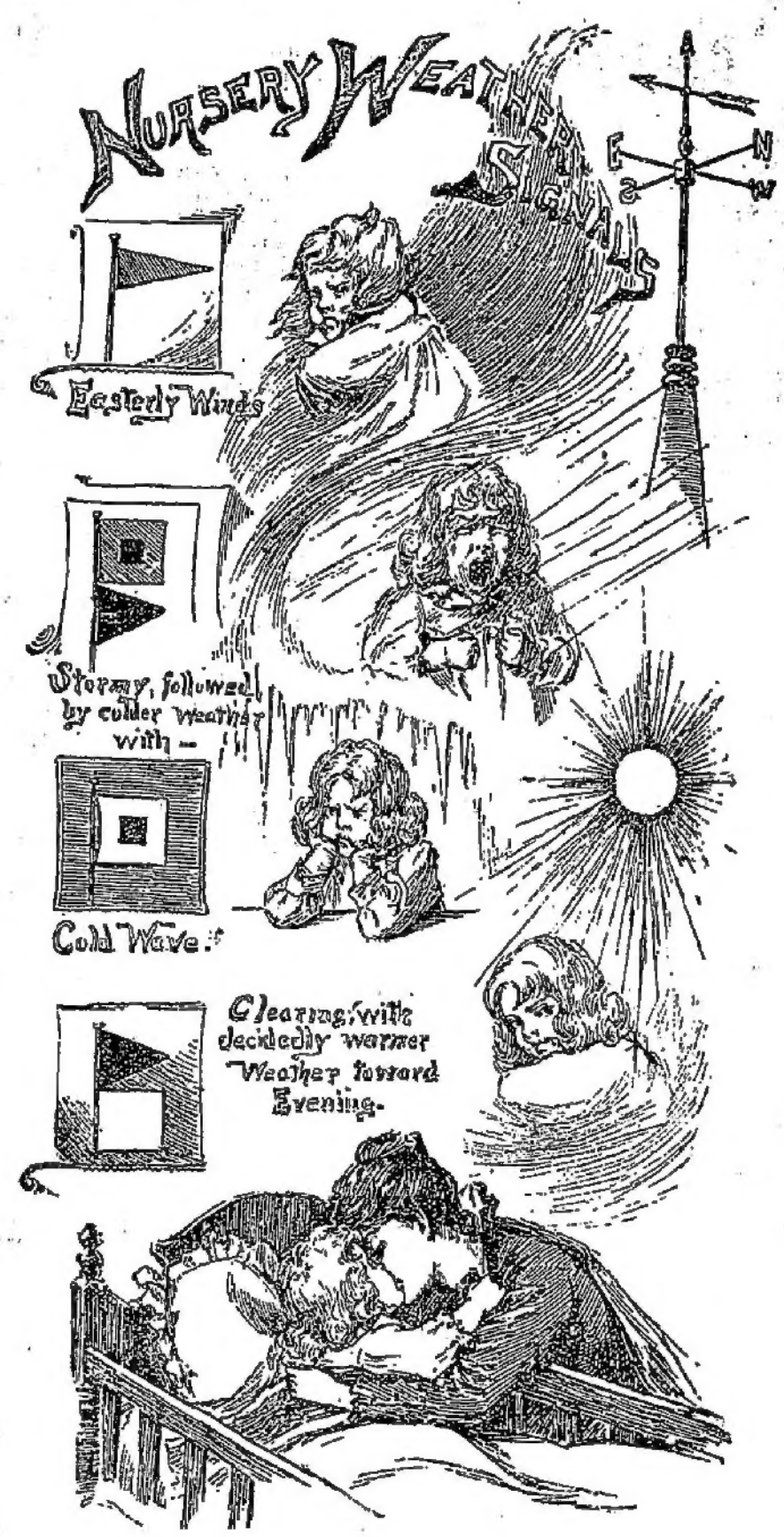
"I'll never see him again, or hear what he has to say to me afore he dies!" she moaned.

Bill held in his hand his own ticket, which he had taken from his pocket to show at the door, according to rule; and he turned it over, looked at it on both sides, as if he might gather counsel therefrom; considered all the pleasure it would bring him, all that he must resign if—if—he gave it up to this girl, and allowed her to go on to her dying father.

The trip up was in itself no small treat to him—although it was by this time no novelty—the "Centennial Fourth of July-in'," to begin this very evening, Miss Milly's birthday, and the rejoicings attendant upon that anniversary, in which he considered himself and Jim fully entitled to share, as well he might; the postponement of bestowing his own present upon her, for it seemed to him the gift he had provided would be "no good" if he did not offer it upon the very day, the whole four days' vacation spent in the country, and so long and so eagerly looked forward to by himself and Jim. He had no money, for the dollar bestowed upon him by his master had been spent; one-half for the birth-day gift for Milly, a gorgeous colored lithograph, of whose artistic merits the less said the better, the other in crackers, torpedoes and other abominations of that nature; and, if he gave up this ticket he must remain behind. Yes, and stay in town and subsist as he might until his master's return after the four days' absence, for it never occurred to him that anyone would come from Oakridge to seek him; and our city house was entirely closed for the time, the servant left in charge, and to attend to Edward's wants, having also gone off for her holidays.

"All aboard! Hurry up, youngster, if you're going!" shouted the man at the door, as he held it open for the exit of the last passenger. "Hurry up! Do you hear?" and Bill hesitated no longer.

(To be Continued.)


Nursery Weather Signals
Easterly Winds
Stormy, followed by colder weather with —
Cold Wave!
Clearing, with decidedly warmer Weather toward Evening.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

Thrusting his ticket—the price of so much to him—into the hand of the astonished girl, he said, hurriedly:

"There, take this, and go along to him, hurry, now, you hav'n't no time to lose!" and, putting baby and bundle into her arms, he shoved her out of the door-way; the door was closed with a bang by the surly man, and his chance was lost!

He looked through a side window of the waiting-room, saw the girl hustled, with her incumbrances, into a car by a brakeman, the last whistle sounded, the train moved forward and steamed out of the depot, lost to sight in a moment; and Bill turned away, hardly knowing whether or no he regretted what he had done.

"I say," he said, not able to refrain from a parting shot at the surly railway official, "ain't you a nice set of fellers? Goin' an' smashin' up fathers onter yer ole railway, an' not a-lettin' their gals on to see 'em. 'Spect yer done it a-purpose!"

The man retorted by calling him a fool for giving away his ticket; and, after a few more compliments of a kindred nature had been exchanged, the boy left the depot with a sort of lost, homeless feeling, which he had never felt, even when he had been a stranger to his late life. He kept fast hold of the precious satchel; but what he was to do with it or himself, where was he to find food and an abiding place until his master's return, was a question he was not able to solve. And O! Oakridge, Jim, and the Fourth of July rejoicings! How much he had resigned! How was he to wear away the time?

It must be confessed that Bill almost forgot his disappointment in the excitement of that night, while witnessing all the brilliant display with which the nation's Centennial birthday was ushered in; and he doubtless lent his full quota to the noise and acclamations; but, faithful to his trust, he would not mix in with the thickest of the crowd, where the safety of his master's satchel would be endangered. Still, he enjoyed it heartily; and daylight was breaking when he sought the shelter of the stoop of our own closed and deserted house; and, satchel beneath his weary head, courted a little rest.

But sleep did not come to him; excitement, fatigue, and hunger—for he had eaten nothing since the middle of the day before—and uneasiness respecting his valuable charge, kept him awake. Hunger was no novel sensation to Bill, it is true; but he had, of late, been so well fed, that it made more impression upon him than it would have done some months ago; and where was he to find a meal or the means to procure one? He had not a penny; house and his master's office were both closed for some days to come; and although the want of shelter did not trouble him much, for the weather was warm, and he could "sleep 'round anywhere," the care of the satchel was a great weight upon his mind, and kept him awake, while, in any case, that empty, hungry void would have prevented slumber. And Bill's soul had risen far above his former dishonest and precarious ways of procuring wherewith to satisfy his hunger.

The day of the Fourth was dull and flat, for there was little going on—patriotism and enthusiasm having expended themselves before sunrise—and O, the thought of all that was going on at Oakridge, lost to him now! But our weary, faint and disappointed little hero did not regret his self-sacrifice.

"No, I ain't sorry I done it," he said to himself, as he sat wearily beneath the portico almost indifferent to the fact that there was no "sojering," or other diversion to occupy his eyes and thoughts. "I ain't sorry I done it, not if I do have to sit 'roun' doin' nothin' all the week a-long of this bag, an' got nothin' to eat, an' am a-missin' all the fun up to the country. Maybe she got there a-fore he died, that gal what her father was so hurt; an', anyhow, it was worth somethin' to see her face, when I poked her out that door right afore that old chap, with the ticket in her hand. When I gets to be one of them railway directors"—Bill's aspirations were not so soaring as Jim's—"I'll give leave to everybody to go on 'thout a ticket, when their folks gets smashed up onto my railway. No, I ain't sorry! But it's awful dull here, and wouldn't some dinner taste good! I wonder can I hold out till the boss comes back. Think I'll have to go to cold victuallin' a bit, if I can't; and won't folks stare to see such a decent lookin' feller as me a-beggin' cold victuals. Never thought I'd come to that again; but times is awful sudden—yer can't never tell what'll turn up next. What would Miss Milly say, I wonder! What'll they all think has become of me? Maybe they'll think I got blowed up or somethin' last night. Hallo! Maybe they'll think I've run away. 'Twouldn't be surprisin' if they did."

Now this was exactly what the most of us did think, for the faith of the majority of the family in these *proteges* of Milly and Edward, was, by no means so strong as that of those two young persons, although we were obliged to allow that a vast improvement had taken place, and that the boys bid fair to become decent, well-behaved members of society.

When the boy did not make his appearance by the six o'clock train, on the evening of the third, it was believed that he had missed it, and no suspicion attached to him, although we were very sorry that he should be disappointed, especially Jim, who was loud and profuse in his lamentations over the non-arrival of his chum; but, as the hours wore on, on the morning of the Fourth, and train after train came in without bringing him, an uneasy feeling of doubt resolved itself into a settled belief that temptation and the force of old habits had proved too strong for him, and that he had run away with the satchel, which he knew to contain articles of value.

"I shall go to town by the four o'clock train, and hunt him up," said Edward, as the family were discussing the matter; Milly's face told how pained and disappointed she was.

"O, Edward, and spoil your holiday!" we expostulated, while Daisy turned and clung to him, as if her small strength could detain him,

"My holiday is already spoiled; I must find him, if possible," answered Edward, gravely, laying his hand caressingly on the little sunny head. And he was not to be dissuaded, but set forth at the appointed time, followed by the regrets of the whole family; most of whom thought this quest a hopeless one, Milly alone insisting on sharing Jim's belief that Bill would yet "turn up all right."

"He ain't gone back on yer now, Miss Milly, yer kin jest set yer mind on that," he repeated again and again.

Bill had fallen into an uneasy doze, beneath the shadow of the stoop, the precious bag behind him, screened by his person from the observation of any who might come upon him there, when he was roused by a touch upon his shoulder; and, looking up with a start, he saw his master's kindly face bending over him.

A few moments sufficed to explain matters, and Edward felt sure that the story was true; for Bill's jealous watch over the satchel, and the delight he showed at seeing his master, made it quite evident that he had not intended to run away, and that he had no bad purpose in view.

"Make haste, now," said Edward, when he was satisfied of this. "We have just time to catch the last train up, and you shall have a good time for the rest of your holiday, if you have missed the most of the Fourth."

"I say, Mr. Edward," said Bill, as they were approaching their destination, turning round from the seat in front of his master, "I say, Mr. Edward, when folks does good Thanksgivin's, bein' glad with folks, an' givin' to them what ain't so well off, so they can be some glad, too, ain't it 'cause they want to show they're givin' thanks for what they got good theirselves?"

"Yes," answered Edward, who had been wondering what the boy was pondering as he sat gazing thoughtfully out of the window, at the ever-changing scene, as they were rapidly whirled along; "it is because they are giving thanks to God for all the mercies which he has sent to them, and wish to show their love and gratitude by letting others have a share of them."

Bill was silent again for a moment or two, his gaze once more turned without: then, his whole face in a glow as he turned around again, he broke forth with:

"I did get a whole lot of good done to me an' Jim, this summer, more nor I could ever ha' counted on; an' so givin' her—that ere gal—the ticket, an' stayin' back myself, was showin' I wanted to be thanksgivin', wasn't it, Mr. Edward?"

"It was, Bill, and showed a grateful heart for the mercies shown to you," said his master.

"An' 'tain't no odds that it wer warm weather 'stead of cold, Fourth of July 'stead of Krismas, a kinder summer Thanksgivin' 'stead of a winter one, wer it? It wer just as first-rate in me, wern't it?" asked poor Bill overcome with a sense of his own merits, and anxious to have them recognized.

One could hardly blame him for that. The sensation of doing good and helping others, was a new thing to him, although it was perhaps more want of opportunity and means than want of will, for Bill was developing a generous soul, anxious to share with others the better-fortune which a kind providence had brought to him. And Edward praised and encouraged him, even at the risk of petting a little self-appreciation; and a happier or more self-satisfied boy than Bill, it would have been hard to find, when the train stopped at our station; and he sprang out and greeted Jim, who had wandered down to meet him, half-hopeful, half-fearful on the subject of his comrade "turning up all right," with:

"I say, Jim, oh, didn't I make it a real summer Thanksgivin', though! an' all by myself, too; an' Mr. Edward says 'taint no odds if 'tisn't freezin' up weather, it was a good kind of a Thanksgivin', all the same. An' I hung on to that bag all safe with Miss Milly's present."

And then, dismissing all thoughts of past disappointments and tribulations, he launched into a glowing description of the public rejoicings of the previous evening, making Jim doubt which of the two had—up to the early morning—had the better of it, himself or the narrator.

Of the rest of Bill's holiday, and the zest with which it was enjoyed, what need is there to speak? There was a "summer Thanksgivin'" in more than one heart that night, that, after all our doubts and anxieties, Milly's sheep had not wilfully strayed, and had not only proved faithful to his trust, but had shown an example of generosity and self-sacrifice hardly to be expected from him.

Truly the seed sown upon ground, which we, in our blindness, had pronounced hard and stony, was bringing forth fruit meet for the harvest.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN THE FOUR SURVIVORS of the Jeanesville mine horror were found after their entombment of twenty days, they were too feeble to be brought at once to the top of the shaft. But the superintendent and the rescuers came up about midnight, and surrounded by the cheering crowds, they marched down town. In front of the company's office they halted, and suddenly the rescuers, standing bareheaded amid the crowd, now swollen to two thousand people, struck up the familiar hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It was taken up by two thousand voices, and the silence of the night was broken by the grandest chorus ever heard on these hills.

THE BAR.

Why call it a bar? Say whence is derived
This name for a depot of spirits of evil?
Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived,
Or like the thing named, did it come from the devil?

I'll tell you its meaning—'tis a bar to all good,
And a constant promoter of everything evil:
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that's well understood—
A bar to the right and a door for the devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence and wealth,
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety,
A bar to clear thought and a bar to sound health,
A bar to good conscience, to prayer and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school,
To clothing and giving them good education;
A bar to observance of every good rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and nation.

A bar to the hallowed enjoyment of home,
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor and fame,
To friendship and peace and connubial love,
To the purest delights that on earth we may claim,
A bar to salvation and Heaven above!

—*Selected.*

THE THEATRE QUESTION.

A favorite mode of meeting objections to the modern theatre is by the rejoinder that the objector, in the pulpit or the editorial chair, is not himself a theatre-goer, and therefore is incompetent to pass upon the moral measure of that with which he is personally unfamiliar. Waiving the question of the real force of such an objection in this case, it will be admitted by all that the testimony of the best dramatic critics, of prominent theatre managers, and of veteran actors, cannot fairly be called unintelligent or hostile criticism of the theatrical profession. And such testimony is of itself more than sufficient to put the theatre of to-day in a light—or in a shadow—that might well cause a pure and sensitive mind to recoil from any unnecessary association with it.

When, not long ago, Mr. Clement Scott, a leading theatrical critic of London, was asked to give to the public his matured views of the stage as a place for a pure-minded girl to seek a livelihood and to pursue dramatic art, his answer was: "A woman may take a header into a whirlpool, and be miraculously saved,—but then, she may be drowned. If a girl knows how to take care of herself she can go anywhere; I should be sorry to expose modesty to the shock of that worst kind of temptation, a frivolous disregard of womanly purity. One out of a hundred may be safe; but then she must hear things that she had better not listen to, and witness things that she had better not see. In every class of life women are exposed to danger and temptations, but far more in the theatre than elsewhere. All honor and praise to them when they brave them out." That view of the case, by a trained observer, would hardly encourage a lover of his fellows to give any more encouragement to a profession with such exceptional risks in it than he was compelled to.

When, at a prior date, the *North American Review* had a symposium on "The Moral Influence of the Drama," three such experts in the theatrical profession as Mr. John Gilbert the actor, Mr. William Winter the critic, and Mr. A. M. Palmer, the manager, bore important witness to facts which ought to have weight in the decision on the entire merits of the question under discussion. Mr. Gilbert began his paper with these words: "I believe the present condition of the drama, both from a moral and an artistic point of view, to be a subject for regret. A large number of our theatres are managed by speculators who have no love for true art, and who, in the production of 'attractions,' consider only the question of dollars and cents. With that class it seems to matter little whether a play has any literary merit; it is sufficient if it is 'sensational' and full of 'startling situations.' Many of the plays that have been adapted from the French are open to the severest criticism on the ground of immorality. I say as an actor, without any hesitation, that such plays have a very bad influence on nearly all people, especially on the young. Some argue that, even in these productions, vice is punished in the end; but when a whole play is filled with amorous intrigue, and fairly bristles with conjugal infidelity, when, in short, all the characters are infamous, there is no question in my mind but that its influence is bad." Be it remembered, these are the words of a veteran actor, not of a poorly informed preacher!

Mr. Palmer, while of the opinion that, as a whole, the theatre of to-day is a decided improvement over that of former days, seems to agree with Mr. Gilbert in the idea that the plays now in vogue are inferior to those of a former generation. While "the French authors write the best plays," and Victorien Sardou is "the greatest dramatist of our age," it is still true that "the most competent critics pronounce the French of Dumas and Sardou as vastly inferior to that of Voltaire and the writers of the time of Louis XV." "Perhaps," said Mr. Palmer, suggestively, "the cause of this decadence is to be found in the public taste."

As to the subject-matter of modern plays generally Mr. Palmer affirmed:—"The chief themes of the theatre are now, as they have ever been, the passions of men. Ambition leading to murder; jealousy leading to murder; lust leading to adultery and to death; anger leading to madness." And, in explanation of this fact, Mr. Winter added: "Christian ethics on the stage would be as inappropriate as Mr. Owen's 'Solon Shingle' in the pulpit. . . . The worst mistake ever made by the stage, and the most offensive attitude ever assumed by it, are seen when—as in 'Camille' and two or three similar plays—it tries to deal with what is really the function of the church, the consequences of sin in the human soul. And here it makes a disastrous and mournful failure."

There certainly is no need of any fancy sketch, on the part of men who are not theatre-goers, in order to make a case against the modern theatre, when such admissions as these are made by those who are attempting its formal defence. A seeker of instruction would have to be pretty badly off who went to the theatre to learn lessons of godliness or personal purity, if what such experts as these have to say about it be accepted as true.

An excellent illustration of the modern theatre in one of its higher phases, as viewed from the standpoint of the better class of the theatre-goers on the one hand, and of the skilled dramatic critic on the other hand, is furnished in the record of a recent visit to Philadelphia by Madame Sara Bernhardt, to perform the chief part in Sardou's "La Tosca," at the Chestnut street Opera House. Madame Bernhardt is no commonplace performer, but she is called "the most effective emotional actress in the world," "indisputably mistress" in the art of tragedy, a "genius" in her professional realm. Hence many who would draw a sharp line between poor acting and good, feel called on to witness the performance of such an artist as this.

According to the reports of the most trustworthy daily papers of the city, the large audience which greeted the eminent artist "represented the most thoughtful and the sincerest admirers of the play" in Philadelphia. "But out of deference to the penitential season (it being Holy Week) they had, for the most part, avoided the garb and demeanor of fashion." It was no rabble that was present, but rather the intelligent and the conscientious believers in "the co-work of the pulpit and the stage" for the elevation of the morals of the community.

The play itself is characterized by the discriminating dramatic critic of the *Public Ledger* as a "monstrous conglomeration of horrors, of vilenesses." The critic of the *Record* says that it "is especially open to objection because of its sheer and unconcealed brutality." "Physical agony and elemental passion are presented with brutal bluntness in a series of rudimentally contrived situations," is the way it appears to the *Press* critic. The *Inquirer's* critic speaks of it as "a mawkish, miserable tale, told with revolting realism." These hints from professional observers are sufficient to give to an outsider a tolerably correct idea of the play as a whole, without the trouble of going to see it, in order to measure its moral worth.

But the fact that the play itself is a "monstrous conglomeration of horrors, of vilenesses," is by no means a reason for its exclusion from the stage, in the opinion of the careful critic of the *Ledger* who thus characterizes it. He even insists that, "the worse the play—and what play could, all things being considered, be worse?—the greater the triumph of the actress, who, having material so repulsive to work with, so deftly, with art so consummate, shaped and formed it as to make the spectator see in it only elements of sentiment, emotion, passion, which humanized, almost ennobled, even that which was most repellent in it." According to the *Press* critic, the prevailing affection of the heroine of the play is "her fleshly love,—a fleshliness that Madame Bernhardt in some ineffable way exalts." What a help to a pure-minded young girl it must be to have gross "fleshly love" exalted in some ineffable way before her observant eyes!

If, indeed, it be true, as the critics seem to think, that the worse the play the greater the triumph of the actor in rendering it bearable to a decent spectator, would it not be well to have the story of "Jack the Ripper" dramatized for some star tragedian, who might have the genius to humanize, and almost ennoble, the doings of the famous Whitechapel artist? It would seem possible to make even a more "monstrous conglomeration of horrors, of vilenesses," out of the story than Sardou has yet produced. If the "fleshly love" of the hero in this new play were "in some ineffable way" exalted by the actor for the benefit of young men who attend the theatre as a means of liberal education, what a gain there would be to the community! There is time for this work between now and next year's Holy Week.

The manner in which Madame Bernhardt's rendering of Sardou's play impressed itself for the evening upon different classes of persons is indicated by the *Inquirer's* report of comments heard at the close of the remarkable performance: "'Zounds! but that is a devilish sort of a play. It leaves a bad taste in one's mouth. She is a wonder, though,' he muttered as he strode off to his club to get something to restore his equilibrium. 'Oh dear, wasn't it lovely!' said a West Walnut street young bud, as she sank back into her carriage, and the coachman cracked his whip."

If, according to the unbiassed testimony of theatre-critics and theatre-lovers, this be the modern theatre on its higher plane, then let the man who wants to be under such teaching and influences—go to his own place.—*Sunday School Times.*

A SERMONETTE.

BY MARY S. M'COBB.

"Oh, she's my mother's guest."

"No; I needn't trouble myself with her. She's my sister's company."

Not a bit of it, my dear. Every person who enters the house is in a degree your "company."

Of course I do not mean that if somebody comes to see an especial member of your family your are to intrude you precious self; but if a guest comes to spend several days she belongs to the whole household, every member of which can do something to make the visit pleasant.

Suppose you should take it upon yourself to see that the friend always has a glass of fresh water in her chamber at night; or, if there be no maid to carry it, the pitcher of hot water for her morning bath. An occasional flower laid on her breakfast plate is a very engaging attention; and a boy does not necessarily pull flowers up by the roots, does he?

It would not be thought "good form" to plump one's lazy self into the most comfortable chair when a guest was present, nor to whisk into one's seat at the table when by accident the visitor's chair had not been placed.

But suppose a friend comes merely to pay a short call? The same rules apply, only modified. If you are in the room, of course you will rise with others to receive her. Nothing can be ruder than for any member of the family to continue his reading or his game without pausing to greet whomsoever may come. If for any reason it be necessary for you to leave the room, a quiet "I am sorry to say that I must ask to be excused" is proper, and allows you to "gang your ain gait."

If your mother be detained in another room, it is your part to take upon yourself the entertainment of her visitors. If you find it hard to converse, generally the older lady will be ready to speak, and a good listener is one of the rarest and most charming people in the world.

Don't let your eyes go wandering about the room, but look straight at the person who is speaking. Nothing is more annoying than to try to talk to some one who is evidently thinking of something else.

Ten to one you will be thought interesting if you pay marked attention to what your companion says.

Did you never hear of the gentleman who travelled miles and miles with some one whom he declared to be "the most intelligent person" he had ever had the pleasure of meeting and never discovered that his companion, who listened so alluringly, was deaf and dumb?

SINGING AS AN AID TO HEATH.

The time will soon come when singing will be regarded as one of the great helps to physicians in lung diseases, in their incipient state. Almost every branch of gymnastics is employed in one way or another by the doctors, but the simple and natural function of singing has not yet received its full meed of attention. In Italy, some years ago, statistics were taken which proved that the vocal artists were especially long-lived and healthy, under normal circumstances, while of the brass instrumentalists it was discovered that consumption never claimed a victim among them. Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises, no matter how thin and weak their voices may seem to be. They will find a result at times far surpassing any relief afforded by medicine. Vocal practice, in moderation, is the best system of general gymnastics that can be imagined, many muscles being brought into play that would scarcely be suspected of action in connection with so simple a matter as tone production. Therefore, apart from all art considerations, merely as a matter of health, one can earnestly say to the healthy "sing! that you may remain so," and to the weakly "sing, that you may become strong."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

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